

Axelle's coming of age

by Vienna Fae

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Summary: Axelle had always felt different from the other Von Tussels. When she receives shocking news about her true heritage, how will she react? OCxOC

1. Prologue and Chapter 1

Chapter one: Prologue

November 3, 1948

"So we're picking up Axelle today?" Amber Von Tussle asked eagerly. She was so looking forward to having a permanent playmate. Someone she could boss around and the other girl wouldn't have any say so!

"Yes Amber, we're picking up Axelle today; and right when we get home we are going to get a doctor to fix that horrid nose of hers. Honestly Frank, did you have to pick a half Jewish child?" Velma Von Tussle complained.

"Well her story touched me. Also she seems to really need a loving family who will take care of her." Mr. Von Tussle explained.

The family reached the orphanage in Paris. A plump middle aged woman was waiting for them.

"Are you the Von Tussles here to pick up Axelle?" She asked in accented English.

"Yes; may we see her?" Frank asked eagerly. The rest of the family nodded.

"Right this way." The woman said showing them in.

The orphanage was run down as most were; cockroaches ran across the

floor, the floor was covered in filth and the wall paper was peeling off. They made it to a small room; there was Axelle. Axelle had curly dark hair, her father's big nose, and big wide dark eyes that. She had a blue coat and Green Beret on, along with gray tights, a plaid skirt and tattered shoes.

"Axelle, le nouvelle famille est là pour vous ramener à la maison." The middle aged woman said to Axelle (In a nutshell the lady said to Axelle that her new family was there to get her). Axelle looked awkwardly at her new family.

"She's ugly;" Amber whispered to her mother.

"I agree, but don't worry sweetheart we'll fix her nose at least. That'll make her look a hell of a lot better." Velma whispered back to Amber. Amber nodded with relief.

"Why isn't she talking?" Amber asked the lady. The woman got on Amber's level.

"That story is too tragic for you." She said to the three year old.

"Well you can at least tell us the parents. Amber get to know your sister." Velma said pushing Amber toward Axelle. The two girls started "playing" (it was mostly Amber messing with Axelle's hair; which Axelle wasn't really going for)

"She came to us when she was about four months old. The local undertaker brought her, she was all covered in blood. Axelle's mother committed suicide by eating a gun. According to the mother's suicide note she couldn't bear to live without her dead Jewish lover who died in the camps. She hasn't spoken a word at all. We figure it's all psychological. Otherwise she's completely normal for a child her age." The woman explained.

"Oh geez, how tragic" Velma said with false emotion, putting her hand over her heart.

"This is her mother. Her name was Nicole Renard, she was a well known opera singer here. So much promise, and talent wasted. This is her father, Moyshe Bernheart, he was also did theater, but he did plays; like Shakespeare. Again, more talent wasted." The woman said handing the Von Tussels pictures of the parents. Axelle had Nicole's curls, but she looked most like her father. The eyes, the nose, the dark hair; he wasn't conventionally handsome, but he was alright. Mr. Von Tussel looked at the pictures, regret on his face.

He had met Nicole when he was in Paris as a soldier in the army. He promised her that he would bring Moyshe back alive. Frank then went undercover disguised as a guard at Auschwitz, and there he met Moyshe, who succumbed to TB right after the Russians liberated the camp. Before Moyshe died, Frank promised him that if anything happened to Nicole, that he would take care of his child.

When he returned to Paris before returning to America, he found out about Nicole's suicide and immediately started the process to adopt Axelle. It had been hindered because of his wife Velma and her racist ways. Also the birth of Amber, was a small hindrance. He had only convinced Velma to let him adopt Axelle because he promised her that

he would let her go on an insane shopping spree on L'Avenue des Champs-Élysées.

"Dear, what's wrong?" Velma asked him.

"Oh, nothing honey." Frank said snapping back into reality. He quickly handed the pictures back to the orphanage worker. He then heard a small yelp from Axelle who was having her hair pulled by Amber.

"Amber! Stop that at once!" he demanded.

"But daddy! I'm just trying to put her hair in ponytails!" his daughter said taking out some ribbons from her jacket pocket. Frank started to approach Amber to pull her off Axelle who was now starting to cry. Velma held him back.

"Let her do it honey. It's sisterly bonding." the blonde woman said with a smirk. After watching the scene, Axelle now had her hair in two poorly made ponytails and her cheeks were tear stained.

"Axelle honey, can I hold you?" Frank asked her approaching her with outstretched arms. Axelle gave him a bewildered look, since she didn't understand his words, but she interpreted from his body language that he wanted to pick her up and hold her. The man seemed nice, and the worker lady said he was a part of her new family, so Axelle figured it would be ok for the nice man to hold her. The orphanage worker handed the Von Tussel's the final paperwork, and then they left with new Von Tussel.

__Fourteen Years later__

Axelle was sitting in her final class of the day. In a few minutes she, Amber, and all the other supposed "Nicest kids in town" would get out of school early to shoot another episode of the _Corny Collins show_. Axelle could now speak, and her nose was now a little ski slope due to plastic surgery. She really didn't like dancing on TV. She'd rather be writing songs and plays. Her mother Velma hated her singing voice. She said it wasn't "Conventional" and that "only old people listened to opera." Mr. Von Tussel loved her and appreciated her, until his untimely death when Axelle and Amber were ten. Also Axelle noticed that her mother always gave her a disgusted look, like Axelle was inferior to her as a human being. Axelle sometimes wondered if she had been adopted.

She and the other kids got on the bus to go to the show. Axelle sat by herself as always. It had always been challenging for her to make friends because in her mind, people were intimidating. She knew that people could be cruel, and she wanted to avoid as much pain as possible. Also she didn't think that anyone could really be her friend. Velma always told her that she was ugly, and that she was too awkward for other children to make friends with her, and Axelle believed that. All the other teen cast members only spoke to Axelle if they needed her to do their homework for them.

On this day, however, one of her cast mates came seeking her counsel in a matter that was anything but academic.

"Hey Axelle, can I talk to you?" Brenda said tapping her shoulder.

"Um sure, what class do you need help with?" Axelle asked.

"It's not about school, and I'd rather talk about this in private." Brenda responded, a slight nervousness was in her voice.

"Oh okay, we can talk privately." Axelle said as they walked to a private part of the set.

"I would have talked to Amber or some of the other girls about this, but I think you'd be a little more trustworthy than them." Brenda explained. Axelle's wide eyes grew a tad wider. _"Someone views me as trustworthy, and wants to confide in me? Wow, I'm flattered! Well I do help these people cheat on their school work, so it would make sense." _Axelle thought.

"Axelle you can keep a secret right?" the black haired girl asked anxiously.

"Of course, what is it?" Axelle responded. Brenda pulled her back to the hall, where they couldn't be overheard.

"I'm pregnant and Corny is the father." Brenda said her eyes filling with tears

"Corny? As in Corny Collins the host of this show?!" Axelle asked stunned.

"Yes that Corny!" Brenda exclaimed starting to sob.

"How did this happen?" Axelle inquired.

"It was a few months ago at Amber's birthday party. I had a little too much to drink, and Corny led me upstairs to your mom's room, he was drunk also. He told me that he was going to help me feel better if I laid down on the bed. I did, and he started to undo my blouse...I told him to stop, but he didn't listen. He made me have sex with him." Brenda said tearily as she threw herself into Axelle's arms. Axelle was stunned, Corny was a good guy! He was drunk though, and Axelle knew that Corny was a mean and obnoxious drunk because of how he behaved at the last St. Patrick's day party that was held at her house. She didn't think that Corny would force someone to have sex with him against their will.

"I do have an idea on how to fix this though." Brenda said calming herself and letting go of Axelle.

"That's great! What is it?" Axelle asked eagerly

"I heard there's this new thing called an abortion... They usually do it behind the hair salon because real doctors aren't allowed to do it." Brenda said.

"No, no, no you don't want that on your conscience." Axelle said.

"Why? What is an abortion?" Brenda asked. Axelle slapped her hand against her forehead.

"An abortion is where they kill the unborn child! Do you want that?

Also a lot of women have died because of what happens behind that salon." Axelle explained. Brenda started to cry loudly. Velma, hearing the disturbance, appeared out of no where. She took one look at the girls and came up with her own false conclusion. She shooed Brenda away and started to pull Axelle's hair like Uncle Vernon did to Harry in the first movie.

"What happened?" she asked harshly.

"Nothing she just overreacted." Axelle said wincing, not wanting to reveal Brenda's pregnancy.

"Bull crap, now get out of my face you piece of crap." Velma said throwing Axelle against the wall. They walked away in opposite directions.

2. Chapter 2 So I'm not a Von Tusselle?

Chapter 2: So wait, these snobby blonde people may not be my family?

Axelle and Amber were out of school today rehearsing for that day's Corny Collin's Show. Axelle would rather be at school. She wondered if she would graduate from high school. She was sure that she had missed more than ten days of school, and she knew that the school could withhold credits if she missed too much school. She had to graduate to get away from the Von Tussels.

The group of teen dancers heard footsteps behind them. The group turned around, they were a bunch of dorky looking teenage girls. There was Tracy Turnblad, Susan Goldberg with her large nose and her bad clothes (she had her eyes set intently on Axelle), and other girls that she didn't know.

"Continue dancing everyone while I greet the potential new cast members." Velma said walking through the dancers. The teen cast members started pair dancing.

"Axelle why is Susan Goldberg staring at you?" The boy dancing with her asked.

"I don't know." Axelle responded as she was spun around and dipped.

"I bet she's a dyke." The boy responded with a smirk. Axelle got up and smacked him.

"Don't say that it's offensive! Just like saying the N word!" She responded angrily.

"N*****, N****, N****!" he responded annoying Axelle. Axelle walked away from him irritated.

The auditions basically were Velma and Amber insulting the girls at every turn, it was awful. She always had a glare on her face when they went into their catty mode, and there was next to nothing anyone else could do to make her feel better. They had really bitched at Tracy Turnblad, and that was it for Axelle. She angrily walked out of the studio.

"HEY AXELLE!" Susan called after her.

"Yes Susan?" she asked. A scowl still on her face.

"I have something to show you." Susan said grabbing Axelle's wrist.

Before Axelle could ask any questions, the two girls were running through the streets of Baltimore. They were going rather fast, it was because of Susan's speed or Axelle's weakness; it was most likely a little bit of both.

"We're here." Susan said stopping at a Synagogue.

"Why are we here?" Axelle asked.

"A woman wanted to speak to you. She thinks you're her son's child." Susan said leading Axelle in by the wrist.

"What? No way! That woman must be mistaken!" Axelle said trying to break free from Susan, but Susan had an iron grip on Axelle.

"Axelle, I'm afraid I must insist. You are nothing like the other Von Tussels. Have you even thought you might have been adopted?" Susan said seriously.

"Well yes since I don't look a thing like them, but it can't be true!" Axelle explained still trying to get away.

Susan practically had to drag Axelle in the house of worship. An old woman sat there in the pew. She turned around, she had Axelle's eyes. Axelle was stunned. The woman ran over and hugged and kissed Axelle.

"This is Mrs. Bernheart, her son Moyshe died in Auschwitz, he had a lover named Nicole Renard. Nicole went to meet him in Poland with their six month old daughter Axelle when the war was over. When Nicole had learned of Moyshe's death she shot herself. Soviet Troops found the child crying and brought her and her mother's body to the local Undertaker's office, and then the Undertaker brought the child to the orphanage where the child remained till she was four years old. Axelle was then adopted by a blonde American family from Baltimore." A Jewish man said walking out of the shadows.

"Fayvel! You old pervert! How do you know about this?" Susan yelled at the man.

"Well for one thing I was in Auschwitz with Axelle's father in the camps, and I learned the rest of the story from the old bag here." Fayvel said indicating Mrs. Bernheart. Fayvel was middle aged, but very handsome. He had an olive complexion, dark hair with gray streaks, and brown eyes.

"Is this Moyshe's daughter? She's really pretty." Fayvel said stroking Axelle's hair.

"Yes she is, stay away from her you pev!" Susan exclaimed.

"I apologize Susan, but I don't listen to little girls. If I wish to know Ms. Axelle I will." The middle aged man said defiantly.

Axelle was impressed, he was much more mature then the boys at school.

"Allow me to walk you home Ms. Axelle." Fayvel said kissing her hand.

They walked home, talking about her father. When they reached Axelle's house, he kissed her.

"The hell do you think you're doing pervert?" she asked, while spitting out his saliva.

"Silly Axelle, you're so naïve, just like your papa." Fayvel said laughing.

"You screwed my dad?" Axelle asked outraged.

"Nah, he wouldn't let me. Loved your mother too much. Got a few kisses though, I plan to get more out of you." He said suggestively. Axelle shivered and got into her home.

When Axelle entered her room. She felt very confused, Fayvel was very handsome, but if he was in the camps with her father, he had to be at least forty years old. She had to sing a song for the Corny Collins show, and she figured this would be good. After six hours, she came up with this:

_Young school girl _

The Subject of an old perv's fantasy

_He wants her so badly _

_Knows what he wants to be _

With the vigor of a young man

You could keep the secret of your years

Bookmark it, he is so close now

She's not even half his age

Don't Stand, Don't Stand So,

Don't Stand So Close To Me

_Old man you're out of Your Mind _

Your Love or Me Is Way Out Of Line

Better Run man, you're Much Too old man

Temptation, Frustration So Bad It makes her cry!

Beneath Your cologne and nice clothes

You're Just a grandpa in Disguise
_Get Out of Here Before You Have _
The time to change your mind
Because I'm Afraid You'll go too far
Don't Stand, Don't Stand So,
Don't Stand So Close to me!
_Old man you're out of Your Mind _
Your Love For me is Way out of Line
Better Run man! You're Much Too old man!
Don't Stand, Don't Stand So,
Don't Stand So Close To Me'!
You're Much Too old man!
(Don't Stand, Don't Stand So,)
Don't Stand So Close To Me
You're Much Too old ... man

"What are you singing Axelle?" Amber asked walking in.

"I didn't say you could come in." Axelle said tartly.

"I asked a question, what are you singing?" Amber asked getting frustrated with her sister.

"If it's so important to you then fine, I'm trying my new song I just wrote." Axelle responded.

"It's okay, but I don't think mom would like it, your normal singing voice is improving. Also what were you doing with Susan Goldberg?" Amber asked wrinkling her nose.

"We just were out and about the town." Axelle said.

"You were also walking back with a man. Who was he?" Amber asked.

"How come you're so interested in my life all of a sudden?" Axelle asked.

"I'm making sure you're not embarrassing our family! You know we can't be seen with people like that! It would destroy my career!" Amber exclaimed.

"I highly doubt the people I hang out with would affect your supposedly potential stage career. Also how do you know about my being walked home by Fayvel?" Axelle asked; she felt like her privacy was being slightly invaded.

"So that's his name." Amber said.

"You better not tell mom! I'll handle Fayvel all by myself!" Axelle exclaimed.

"You know you were adopted right?" Amber asked leaning on Axelle's shoulder.

"Why is everyone saying I'm adopted all of a sudden? They said so at the Synagogue and now here!" Axelle said getting frustrated.

"I'm sorry to say that it's true. I remember going to pick you up at the orphanage. You were so ugly back then, but now you're lovely. Just like an ugly duckling." Amber said.

Axelle thought her heart had stopped. She always knew there was something off about her being a part of the Von Tussele family, but adopted? She could've understood if Mr. Von Tussele wasn't her father, but Velma was her mother. Also was the story about her birthparents being tragic lovers in World War two true? If so, how could her birth mother kill herself? How could she leave Axelle as a six month old baby?

DISCLAIMER I only own Axelle, Fayvel, and the Bernhearts. The song is originally from Glee (Don't Stand/Young Girl is the original song)

3. Moyshe's last moments an OVA

Moyshe's last moments. Axelle's coming of age OVA.

(Author's note: I was listening to the song "I dreamed a dream" from the epic musical Les Miserables, and I thought this song would fit Moyshe in his last moments on this cruel Earth in Auschwitz. I only own Moyshe.)

December 21, 1944

Moyshe was sitting in his barrack. He had been ill for a week now. He had Typhus; it had spread through his barrack like wild fire. Moyshe thought of his beloved Nicole, beautiful Nicole. Waiting for him back in his hometown in Paris. Tears pricked in the corners of eyes, he'd never make it back to her. He'd die here. He'd die in this hellhole. He knew his body would be pissed on, and then burned in the crematoria in Birkenau. He began to sing, he sang a song about his ruined life. He sang about his beloved Nicole and the now shattered dreams he had.

There was a time when men were kind
>When their voices were soft
And their words inviting
>There was a time when love was blind
And the world was a song

>And the song was exciting
There was a time
>Then it all went wrong <p>

((the tears in his eyes begin to flow silently))

I dreamed a dream in time gone by

>When hope was high
And life worth living
>I dreamed that love would never die
I dreamed that God would be
forgiving
>When I was young and unafraid
Some dreams were made and used and
wasted
>There was no ransom to be paid
No song not sung, no wine not
tasted

((he takes a labored deep breath))

But the tigers come at night
>With their voices soft as thunder
As they tear your hope apart

>As they turn your dream to shame<p>

She slept a summer by my side
>She filled my days with endless wonder
She took my childhood in
her stride!
>But she was gone when autumn came!<p>

And still I dream I'll be set free!
>That she'll be mine forever!
But there are dreams that cannot be!

>And there are storms we cannot weather! <p>

((He coughs violently. Droplets of blood on his hand))

I had a dream my life would be
>So different from this hell I'm living!
So different now from
what it seems!
>Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.<p>

((He lies down. Shuts his eyes, and passes away))

End
file.